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Part 1

"Albus!" Severus roared, barging in to Dumbledore's office. "We need to talk!"

"By all means, talk, Severus." Dumbledore said quietly.

"You cannot leave him there." Severus said, and Dumbledore immediately knew who he was talking about. "I was there this morning. They abuse him terribly, Albus! He is only three! You must let me save him!"

"Severus, you know why-" Dumbledore began, but Severus cut him off.

"I think I am perfectly able to protect him without this silly magic protection!" he exclaimed. "If you leave him there, then he will end up dead before he even comes to Hogwarts!"

Dumbledore thought this over. "You may be right, Severus." he thought some more. "Very well. You may go retrieve him. Bring him back here, however, so I may see if he needs any medical attention. If what you say about his relatives is true, then it is likely he will."

"Thank you, Albus." Severus said, and left the office.

Almost two hours later, Severus returned with the toddler asleep in his arms and took him up to Dumbledore's office.

"Just get Madam Pomfrey to give him something for those bruises." Dumbledore finally said, after studying Harry. "He is otherwise unharmed."

"Yes, Albus." Severus said, picking Harry back up. "And, Albus? See if Minerva will help me for the first few weeks. I know nothing about children."

Severus arrived at dinner that night with Harry walking along behind him. The other teachers stopped when they saw the small

boy, and Severus realized that neither him nor Dumbledore had thought to inform the other teachers of the fact that Severus was rescuing Harry.

"Severus?" Minerva said, eying Harry. "Where did you get a kid?"

"Number four Privet Drive." Severus said.

"You kidnapped Harry Potter without permission?" Minerva asked slowly, as though trying to understand what she was saying.

"No." Severus said defiantly. "Dumbledore said I could."

At this moment, Harry lost his balance and grabbed on to Severus's robes to steady himself. Giving Minerva a look that dared her to say anything, Severus took Harry's hand and led him to a seat, which had been magically modified so that it was like a Muggle high chair. Aurora Sinistra smiled softly at the small boy in the seat next to her. Severus sat on his other side. Harry looked at him, and smiled.

"Daddy!" he said, raising his arms as if to ask to be picked up. Minerva raised her eyebrows at Severus.

"Ohhhh!" Professors Sprout and Sinistra said.

Severus just rolled his eyes and helped the child eat, trying to ignore the looks he kept getting from Minerva.

"Daddy?" Five year old Harry asked.

"Yes Harry?" Severus asked, trying to focus on planning his lesson that started in ten minutes.

"Can I watch Potions?" Harry asked, sounding extremely hopeful.

Severus looked down at him. "Can you not interrupt, do exactly as I tell you, and not touch anything?"

"Yes, Daddy!" Harry squealed.

"Then fine." Severus sighed. "Come help me set up the classroom."

Harry followed Severus through the door of his office and into the classroom.

"Can you put this box on that desk?" Severus asked, handing Harry a box and pointing at a desk in the very back of the room.

As Harry wandered back towards the front of the room, there came the unmistakable sounds of students on the other side of the door, and since Severus was busy, Harry walked over and pulled the door open.

Silence fell immediately, but then there were whisperings, talkings, and exclamations, and all the third year students were pointing at Harry, who walked out of the classroom and into their midst.

"Oh!" said one girl. "Harry, you've grown so much!"

Most of the students, except the new first years, were completely used to Harry, and enjoyed playing with him in their free time.

"Daddy said I could watch!" Harry squealed, over the moon with excitement.

"Did he?" A boy asked. "Well, that's lucky!"

The door, which had closed behind Harry, opened again, and Severus stepped out.

"In." he said, pointing through the door. The thirteen-year-olds hurried into the classroom, with Harry following them. After the class had situated, Harry settled himself next to a red-headed boy who was named Bill.

"You're doing that wrong." Harry said, fifteen minutes later as Bill was about to drop porcupine quills into his potion.

"No, I'm not." Bill said, and released the quills. Harry ducked under the table, and after ten seconds the potion exploded.

"Told you." Harry said, reemerging from under the table to find Bill

sitting, shell-shocked and blackened, staring at Severus, who came walking over.

"What is going on?" he asked.

Bill looked up at him. "I've just discovered that Fred and George haven't been pranking me all summer." he muttered.

Severus raised his eyebrows. "Well, clean up this mess, William. Harry, come with me."

Harry walked off, following Severus, and gave Bill a superior smile. Bill gave Harry a very dirty look.

Part 2

"Harry?" Severus called down the hallway.

Harry walked out of his room in Severus's chambers in Hogwarts. "Yeah, Daddy?" he asked.

"Happy birthday." Severus said, holding out a parcel. Harry made a strange noise of excitement and took it.

"Can I open it now?" Harry asked.

"Of course you can." Severus said. Harry beamed as he ripped off the paper.

"Thanks, Daddy!" he squealed, holding up a miniature model of a broomstick that was the perfect size for Harry to ride.

"You're welcome." Severus said, smiling at the six-year-old. In the three years that Harry had been at Hogwarts, he had become an essential part of life to the staff, and the second-year-and-above students (first years didn't know him that well yet.) Harry even had nicknames for the staff. That is, the staff he'd met.

Dumbledore- Grandpa D

McGonagall- Grandma M

Hagrid- Uncle Hagrid

Professor Sinistra- Auntie Aurora

Professor Flitwick- Uncle Filius or Shorty

Professor Quirrel (Muggle Studies professor until 1990)- Quirrel

Professor Binns- Binns

Filch- (When talking to Severus) The Grump (When talking to him or other teachers) Mr. Filch. (Filch doesn't allow Harry to have nicknames for him)

Madam Hooch- Aunt Hooch

Professor Sprout- Aunt Flower

Professor Vector- Aunt Viktor

Later That Evening:

"Happy birthday, Harry!" Minerva said.

"Yes, Happy birthday, Harry." Dumbledore seconded.

"Thanks Grandma M and Grandpa D!" Harry said.

"Now, let's see, how old are yeh now, Harry?" Hagrid asked. "Four? Five?"

"I'm six years old, Uncle Hagrid!" Harry said, grinning.

"Well, let's get this feast on with, why don't we?" Hagrid said, laughing. Everyone took their seats at the staff table, and food magically appeared like it did every feast. Gifts to Harry were stacked on an empty end of the table.

By the time everyone finished with dessert, it was an achievement that they weren't all sick. Harry, however, was just as full of energy as ever.

"Well, now, Harry, why don' yeh open yer gifts?" Hagrid asked. Harry happily obliged.

"Thanks, Uncle Hagrid!" Harry squealed, opening a box that was rattling ominously. Severus walked over and peered into the box.

"No, Hagrid. He's only six. He can have this when he's eleven." Severus said firmly, picking the gift up gingerly. It turned out to be

a small model of a dragon, that actually breathed fire. Hagrid and Harry both looked crestfallen.

Finally, after opening several gifts, there was only one left. It was from Dumbledore.

"Ooh, it's squishy!" Harry said, squeezing the package. He finally ripped it open, and a smooth, silvery piece of cloth fell into his lap.

"You're father had lent me that before he died." Dumbledore said, his eyes twinkling. "I thought you'd like it."

Harry lifted it up and it was revealed to be a cloak. He shrugged and put it on and looked down to see what it looked like.

Harry screamed.

His body, and the cloak, appeared to have disappeared, and, obviously, this started the six-year-old.

"What happened?" he asked. Everyone was laughing.

"That's an invisibility cloak, Harry." Dumbledore said. "Enjoy all the trouble you can get into with that."

Severus glared at Dumbledore.

After an hour Harry and Severus walked down to the dungeon, Harry chattering on and on about how wonderful of a day it had been. Finally, Harry was tucked into bed and fell asleep with a smile on his face.

Part 3

Eleven-year-old Harry was bored. He had explored every inch of Hogwarts castle, sat in on every lesson, became family with every teacher except for Trelawany, who he had only seen twice, and even been grounded several times for being found by Hagrid wandering the Forbidden Forest.

Of course, he knew a simple explanation as to why he couldn't find anything to do.

There was nothing left in the castle to do. And that was a problem, because he was supposed to be getting his letter at dinner that night from Grandpa D, which meant he would spend the next seven years of his life, at least, in this castle.

But maybe...

"Dad!" Harry shouted.

"Yes Harry?" Severus asked.

"Will you show me Spinner's End?"

"Why would you want to go there?" Severus inquired, brow furrowed.

"Because I want to see where you and Lily met and grew up." Harry explained. "And I'm ridiculously bored. Does anyone live in the house you grew up in?"

"No." Severus said. "It is technically still mine."

"Why don't we live there, then?" Harry asked.

"It was a place of many terrible memories for me." Severus said.

"Can we at least go inside?" Harry asked.

"I haven't agreed to take you to Spinner's End yet." Severus pointed out.

"Please?" Harry begged.

Severus sighed. "Fine. Bring a cloak, it will likely be cold."

Harry grinned at him, then hurried down the hall to his room. The small model dragon, which Severus had returned to him on his eleventh birthday, stood up from it's small bed Harry had created on his nightstand.

"Dad?" Harry called. "Can we bring Hendrix?"

"Do not let him escape." Severus warned. Harry put Hendrix in his cloak pocket, and hurried back into the kitchen.

"I'm ready to go." Harry said.

"Hold tight." Severus said, extending his arm.

Harry grabbed on, and felt Severus twist, before he found himself in terrible, uncomfortable, compressing darkness. He couldn't breathe, he couldn't see, he couldn't do anything...

And then it was over, and he was standing in a dark street. The houses were all the same shade of boring, ugly gray. There were almost no plants, and everything was dirty.

"This is nice." Harry said in a flat voice.

"It was very much dark, bleak, and boring." Severus said.

"Where did you meet Lily?" Harry asked.

Severus began walking, and they came to a small playground in a much brighter, cleaner, and happier part of town.

"She and Petunia were playing there," Severus pointed to the swings, "swinging, and I was over there," he pointed to a bush, "watching them. Lily jumped off the swings. She stayed in the air far too long, landed far too lightly, like a trapeze artist. The first

display of accidental magic I saw. And then she picked one of those flowers up off the ground," he gestured to a bush covered in beautiful white flowers, "and made it's petals move. It scared Petunia, but also made her jealous. Then I came out and told her she was a witch. She thought I meant the Muggle kind of witch, evil, ugly, with the brooms and black cats. Then I called Petunia a Muggle, not in a very nice tone, I'm afraid, and she and Lily left."

"But you became friends." Harry said. "She came to believe you about magic."

Severus walked into the woods, into a small area, with the ground clear but branches overhead, shielding them from the sky.

"Lily and I spent a lot of time here," he said, "I told her all about magic. She asked about dementors, and thought that her accidental magic would get her sent to Azkaban. I told her all about Hogwarts, and magic. I told her it made no difference being Muggle-born, even though, sadly, it does. Petunia was spying on us from behind that tree," he pointed at the largest, "but slipped and revealed herself. She made fun of me, and I made a branch fall from the tree. It hit her on the shoulder, so she cried and ran away. Lily knew I did it, even though I told her I didn't, so she left again."

"Where did she live?" Harry asked.

They walked a ways, almost twenty minutes, before they came to a cheerful, yellow little house.

"She lived here." Severus said. "After her parents finally got to know me, and that I wasn't like my parents, I spent a lot of time here. We would play together, and talk. We found a letter from Hogwarts in Petunia's room. She'd written to Dumbledore and begged him to let her come to Hogwarts. He had to say no; Muggles can't enter Hogwarts. But he was very kind about it. When Petunia found out, that was when she started calling Lily a freak. She didn't speak to her again after that. It made Lily very sad."

"Can I see inside your house?" Harry asked.

"Must we?" Severus asked.

"Yes." Harry said.

Sighing, Severus led Harry back to Spinner's End and let them both back into the house.

"Where did you sleep?" Harry asked.

Severus led Harry up the stairs to a small bedroom. It was decorated with Slytherins colors and banners, with black walls, and a small bed. There was only one small window.

"It was not a happy childhood." Severus said, as Harry looked around.

"With a little cleaning, and maybe enlarging the window, this would be a pretty nice room." Harry said.

"Well, neither of those things happened often, if ever." Severus said.

"Why don't you live here anymore?" Harry asked. "Why do you only live in Hogwarts?"

"Because this place was not happy for me." Severus said. "I've never wanted to return to this source of unhappiness."

"We could make it a nice place," Harry said. "And spend some time here."

"I would like that." Severus smiled slightly.

The pair spent the next two hours cleaning the house, enlarging windows, and making it a happier, brighter place to be in.

"This is *much* better." Harry said, looking around.

"Yes, it is indeed." Severus said. "But now we must return to Hogwarts for dinner."

"I get my letter tonight, correct?" Harry clarified.

"Yes, you do." Severus said.

"Do I have to call all you guys Professor, or Sir?" Harry asked.

"You certainly don't with me." Severus said. "Ask the others which they would prefer over dinner."

"Okay." Harry said.

"Hold on." Severus extended his arm again, and they were once more subjected to near-suffocation.

"Here's your letter, Harry." Dumbledore said, passing the letter down the table to him.

"So, I've been wondering," Harry said, "Do I have to call you guys "Professor" or "Sir" or "Ma'am" or whatever?"

"That is up to you, Harry." Dumbledore said. "If any of the teachers wish you to call them Professor, then you must, but if they have no preference, then it is up to you."

"Do any of you have a specific preference?" Harry asked, looking around at the teachers.

"No." They all said in unison.

"Then it will probably vary, depending on the present company." Harry said.

Dumbledore chuckled lightly.

"Why do I have to take the train?" Harry asked. "I'll just be going home."

"Harry, this is where most of the students meet their best friends." Severus replied. "I want you to have that opportunity."

"But what if I don't make any friends, anyway?" Harry asked. "What if people only want to talk to me because I'm the stupid, 'famous Harry Potter' or 'boy who lived'?"

"Harry," Severus said. "There will be some that are like that. But there will be many that are not. The train is about to leave, you need to get on."

Harry sighed, nodded, and boarded the train.

"I'll see you at Hogwarts, then." he said.

Severus nodded, and the train soon sped away.

Harry walked up the train, looking into each compartment. They all seemed to be full. He finally reached the last compartment, which only had one blonde boy in it. Harry entered.

"Hello." he said. "Um, every where's full, do you mind if I...?"

The boy looked up, and shook his head.

"Thanks." Harry sat. "Oh, my name's Harry."

"My name's Draco." the boy said. "Are you Harry Potter, or a different Harry?"

"Oh, I'm Harry Potter." Harry said.

Draco nodded. "That must be annoying sometimes."

"It's annoying all the time." Harry said.

Draco laughed, right as a red-haired boy entered the compartment.

"Hi," he said. "Do you mind? Everywhere else is full."

Harry looked at Draco, who shrugged. "Not at all!"

"Thanks." the boy sat down. "I'm Ron, by the way. Ron Weasley."

"I'm Harry, Harry Potter." Harry said. "And this is Draco Malfoy."

"Fred and George have talked about you a lot." Ron said. "You live with the Potions teacher, don't you?"

"Yeah, I do." Harry said. "He took me from my aunt and uncle's house when I was three. I'm not sure why, though, he won't tell me."

"Oh." Ron turned to Draco. "You're Draco Malfoy?"

"Yeah." Draco said. "And you're Ron Weasley."

"Isn't your father in Azkaban?" Ron asked bluntly.

"Well, yeah." Draco said. "Professor Snape, when he turned spy for our side and got Harry, revealed that my dad was a Death Eater. I didn't know that; I may have grown up without a father, but if he was a Death Eater, I don't care if he was my father. He deserves Azkaban. My mum always says the same thing."

"Oh." Ron said. "So... you don't have a problem with the fact that I'm a blood traitor?"

"No." Draco shook his head. "My mum said that people are equal, no matter what their blood status is."

"That's good." Harry said. "Because I think if you had a problem with Ron, you'd have a problem with me. Being Harry Potter, you know. But I'm glad you don't."

Draco smiled fleetingly.

"Anything off the trolley, dears?"

The trolley witch was in the doorway to their compartment.

Harry stood up. "I'll have some chocolate frogs." he took a few coins out of his pocket.

"No thanks, I'm all set." Ron said, holding up a sandwich that did not look very appetizing.

"Yeah, I'm good." Draco said.

"On second thought, we'll take the lot." Harry said, handing her a handful of gold. **7**

Harry reentered the compartment and dumped the food onto a seat.

"Help yourselves." he said.

Before long, the sandwiches lay forgotten on one of the seats, while the boys exchanged chocolate frog cards and dared each other to eat Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans.

"Excuse me." A bossy sort of voice asked from the doorway. "Has anyone seen a toad? A boy named Neville's lost one."

"Sorry, no we haven't." Draco said.

The girl sniffed. "Well, if you see one, we're in compartment 13."

She left.

"Who was that?" Ron asked.

"That's Hermione Granger." Draco said. "She keeps going up and down the train, telling people off for being too childish."

"She sounds annoying." Ron commented.

"She kind of is." Draco nodded. "But she won't leave you alone just because you ask her to."

"Wonderful." Ron groaned.

"Well, don't look now." Harry said, pointing out the window. "Hogwarts is approaching. We'd better change."

The boys changed into their school robes, stowing their Muggle clothes away.

"So, Harry," Draco said. "If you've got the choice, which House are you going to?"

"Um..." Harry thought a moment. "Gryffindor."

"Huh." Draco nodded. "I'd have thought you'd have wanted to be in Slytherin. What with, your father being Head of Slytherin."

"You think I want to put every school punishment in his hands?" Harry scoffed. "Yeah, right. I'd rather go with Grandma M."

"Who?" Draco asked.

"Oh, McGonagall." Harry turned slightly red. "It's just... I've spent my whole life with them, so they're basically family, and..."

"No, don't be embarassed." Draco said. "Just... tell us who you mean the first time, and we'll do our best to remember."

"Okay." Harry grinned. "I could just tell you now."

"No, that would take forever!" Ron quickly said. "Just tell us whenever you use one for the first time."

"Okay." Harry grinned again. "Got it."

The Hogwarts Express pulled into Hogsmeade Station, and the students started disembarking.

"Firs' years over here!" A loud, familiar voice yelled. "Firs' years this way!"

"Uncle Hagrid!" Harry exclaimed, hurrying over.

"Hello, Harry!" Hagrid smiled down at him. "And who're these?"

"Oh, this is Ron Weasley and Draco Malfoy." Harry introduced his new friends.

"Wonderful to meet yeh, Ron Weasley and Draco Malfoy." Hagrid beamed at them. "And I'll tell yeh, Ron, don' go followin' yer brothers' footsteps. Musta spent half me life chasin' 'em away from tha' forest over there."

Ron flushed a bit. Hagrid looked up to see a group of nervous eleven year olds gathered in front of him.**3**

"This all've yeh?" he asked. "Righ', then, follow me!"

The first years followed Hagrid to a fleet of boats.

"No more'n four to a boat!" Hagrid shouted to the first years. Harry, Ron and Draco were followed into their boat by Hermione Granger.

"Everybody in?" Hagrid asked. "Right. Forward!"

The boats set off across the lake, and Hagrid led them into the castle, where McGonagall gave them a speech before leading them into the Great Hall. Before Harry knew it, his name was called.

"Potter, Harry!"

Part 4

Harry walked up to the Sorting Hat, his legs trembling. Minerva smiled encouragingly at him, before putting the Hat on his head.

Hm... the voice in his ear said. *I can already see... Slytherin or Gryffindor is the way to go... but which one?*

"Um." was all Harry had to contribute.

They're not so different, you know. the Hat murmured. *And you'd do well in both... better be...*

"GRYFFINDOR!"

Harry felt both great happiness, and some bitter disappointment as he got off the stool and moved to sit next to Fred and George.

Draco and Ron were both placed in Gryffindor, as was Hermione Granger. Finally, the Sorting was over.

"I have just a few words for you." Dumbledore said, standing up and beaming down at them. "And here they are; Nitwit, Blubber, Odment, Tweak! Thank you."

He sat back down, and the tables filled themselves with food.

"Is he... is he a bit mad?" Ron asked Harry.

"Mad?" Harry asked. "He's a genius! But yes, he is a bit mad."

"And you call him...?" Draco asked.

"He's Grandpa D." Harry explained. "Potatoes, Ron, Draco?"

"Yes please." Ron said at the same time Draco said, "No thank you."

Harry laughed, and passed the potatoes to Ron.

"So what exactly is it like, living here?" Ron asked, his mouth full.

"It's amazing!" Harry said. "When I was six, Grandpa D gave me James's invisibility cloak. And when I was nine, I found a map, called the Marauder's Map, in Mr. Filch's office."

"Why were you in Mr. Filch's office?" Draco asked.

"Who is Mr. Filch?" Ron added.

"Mr. Filch is the caretaker, and he's really mean." Harry explained. "I was in his office because I blew up a toilet. And even though I wasn't a student, he still tried to give me detention and 'expel' me. But Fred and George let off a load of dungbombs right then, so while he was upstairs yelling at them, I went through one of his drawers and found it. It was already open; I eventually figured out how to open and close it, with certain sayings."

"What sayings?" Ron asked.

"Secret sayings," Harry said mysteriously, "that I'll tell you after dinner."

"Does Professor Snape know about it?" Draco asked, grinning as if he already knew the answer.

"No." Harry grinned back at him. "But he does often wonder how I seem to know more about the castle than he does."

"What kind of things?" Ron asked.

Harry looked around, then leaned closer to Ron and Draco. Fred and George, of course, leaned in to listen.

"Ever heard of the Room of Requirement?" Harry whispered.

All present company shook their heads.

"It's up on the seventh floor," Harry explained, "across from the tapastry of Barnabas the Barmy teaching trolls ballet. You have to walk across in front of the blank wall, thinking what you need it to become. A door will appear, and inside is whatever you need it to

be."

"Wicked!" all the boys exclaimed in unison.

"Exactly." Harry leaned back, looking pleased. He glanced up at Severus, who was talking to Quirrel. As he watched, he felt his scar suddenly burn excruciatingly, something that had never happened before.

"Ah!" he gasped, pressing a hand to it.

"What's up?" Ron and Draco asked.

"N-nothing." Harry said, studying Severus and the back of Quirrel's head. "Nothing, I'm fine."

The boys filled the rest of dinner with idle conversation, before Dumbledore stood up again.

"Now that we are all fed and watered, I have a few things I need to tell you." he said, smiling at them. "To our new students, the dark forest on the grounds is strictly forbidden to all students. And a few of our other students should know by now, too." his eyes seemed to flicker in the direction of Harry and the Weasley Twins. "Mr. Filch has asked me to remind you that duelling in the corridors is also strictly forbidden, as are dungbombs, stinkpellets, among others. The full list can be viewed down on his office door. Students are not permitted to leave their dormitories after curfew." he thought for a moment. "I think that's all of importance. Off you trot!"

Harry stood. "Hey, I'm gonna go talk to Dad. See you at the dormitory."

Harry went to Severus' chambers, he muttered the password and the door opened and he entered. Severus was not there yet. Harry threw himself down onto the couch. Severus entered, and stopped.

"Hello, Harry," he nodded

"Hey, dad." Harry said.

"I noticed you seemed to be in pain during dinner." Severus said, his

eyes studying Harry. "Are you quite well?"

"Well..." Harry said. "My scar started hurting really bad. Is it normal for curse scars to hurt?"

"No." Severus said, disturbed. "But your scar is horribly inflamed. One moment."

He entered the Potions labratory beside his room, and returned with a small container.

"Here is a salve that should help." he said, handing it to Harry. "See if it works."

Harry smeared some of the cream across his scar. Instantly, the small stinging that remained left.

"Wow, that really works!" Harry said happily. "Thanks!"

"Keep that, in case it happens again." Severus said. "In which case I shall brew some more. But it is almost curfew, and you need to go to bed."

"Alright." Harry stood up. "Goodnight. Oh, but Dad?"

"Yes Harry?" Severus asked.

"Are you okay with me being in Gryffindor?" Harry asked.

"I must admit, I would have preferred if you were in Slytherin." Severus said. "But as long as you're happy, I'm happy. And just because you are in another house it doesn't mean I can't punish you."

Harry smiled softly. "Alright. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."